

THE DAILY MIRROR, Saturday, April 14, 1923.

OUR FASHION FAIR AT HOLLAND PARK OPENS ON MONDAY: SEE PAGE 2.

The Daily Mirror

NET SALE MUCH THE LARGEST OF ANY DAILY PICTURE NEWSPAPER

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SATURDAY, APRIL 14, 1923

One Penny.

SLEEPLESS M.P.s



Mr. Tom Griffiths, M.P. for Pontypool, left rubbing his eyes.

"BACHELOR GIRL" ACTION



Mrs. Mason, who joined Miss Sutton-Vane in business, was a witness.

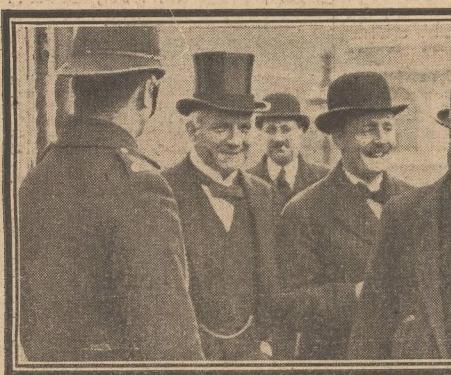


Mr. Sutton-Vane, brother of Miss Sutton-Vane, also gave evidence.



Miss Sybil Sutton-Vane, who gave evidence yesterday.

Judgment in the case concerning solicitors' advice to Miss Sybil Sutton-Vane, who is said to have spent £5,000 on a bachelor life, will be delivered next week. Messrs. Wingfield, solicitors, claim damages for slander against the London County Westminster and Part's Bank for criticism alleged to have been made of an agreement they advised Miss Sutton-Vane to accept. The jury found that words used were defamatory, but were true and spoken without malice. They assessed damages as nil.



Left picture, Admiral Suter (right) and friends, who kept smiling. Right, Mr. Bonar Law leaving in noon sunshine.

The House of Commons proved its devotion to duty by sitting continuously from a quarter to three on Thursday afternoon until close upon noon yesterday. Speeches during the latter part of the sitting were punctuated by unmistakable sounds of sleep from weary members, and while the final division was in progress some M.P.s in the lobby could be heard singing "Home, Sweet Home." The Army Annual Bill was the occasion.

TO-DAY'S SOCCER INTERNATIONAL



Cringan, Scotland's leader. Wilson, England's captain.

The England v. Scotland match at Glasgow to-day is likely to draw a crowd well over the 100,000 mark. It is "the" international game.

GOLDEN GATES FOR BEAUTY.

Fashion Fair's Classic Mannequin Show.

GORGEous FABRICS.

Music, Sweet Scents and Dress Through the Ages.

Music, sweet scents, glowing lamps, gorgeous fabrics, will enhance the beauty of the setting of *The Daily Mirror* Fashion Fair which opens at Holland Park Hall on Monday.

The fashions throughout the ages, from 5,000 years ago, will be displayed in frieze around the walls, and the glories of woman's vanity will repose before a background of Italian art.

There will be the greatest mannequin parade ever staged, by girls famous for their beauty and grace.

They will come through a golden gateway and display those fashions that interest women all over the world.

PARFUM D'ORSAY SHOP.

Balcony Which Is a Courtyard of an Italian Palace.

When the *Daily Mirror* International Fashion Fair opens on Monday a setting of rare beauty will be found as a background to the exhibition of women's clothes and interests all over the world.

The greatest and most interesting mannequin parade ever staged, exceeding in beauty and variety even those arranged by Diorama at Cannes this spring, will contain sixty mannequins noted for their beauty and grace.

From the balcony of the Holland Park Hall yesterday the exceptional beauty and distinction given by the cupola tops of the stalls and the new system of lighting were evident.

A full-page view revealed an unfinished, untidy spot; there was nothing to mar the lovely mannequins' whole.

Round the walls a frieze containing 500 figures has been painted which contain the fashions of 5,000 years ago, and so upwards to the fashions of to-morrow.

STAGE OF CLOTH OF GOLD.

On the great stage, draped with cloth of gold and lit by the finest experts in the theatre world, a golden gateway will open to admit the mannequins. It is in the Italian Renaissance style, and is a replica of the work of Bartolomeo Berecci.

The balcony from which spectators will be able to see everything at a glance suggests the courtyard of an Italian palace.

The exhibition will do its best to be worthy of so wonderful a setting. There will be set a variety of Parisian hats and gowns of Venetian mirrors, Roman lamps, Florentine cushions and Venetian stands against a background of old Italian velvet which dates from the sixteenth century.

A pair of Sicilian wrought-iron gates leads from the floor to the interior of the stall.

The wonderful shop of the Parfum d'Orsay in the Rue de la Paix is another marvel of beauty. Sheets of marble of the finest veining cover it.

Music and sweet scents, glowing lamps and gorgeous fabrics will make Monday's opening of the Fashion Fair one of the events of a wonderful season.

APE THAT ACTS.

Almost Human Animal Insured for £50,000 Plays for the Films.

Our Film Critic.
Joe Martin, an intelligent ape, who is a well-known film star in Hollywood, plays quite an important part in *The Mystery Girl*, a new production of Rev. Inman's, which commenced a season at the Palace Theatre last night.

This valuable beast, who is said to be insured for £50,000, displays almost human intelligence in the various parts he is called upon to play in the film in the character of the secret agent of a clairvoyante.

The feature of the film is an intensely dramatic scene at the end, where the wounded human player, played by Lewis Stone, solves the "Eternity Triangle" problem in the manner of Grand Guignol.

Miss Barbara La Marre, a new screen "vamp," is very good.

BABY'S 108.4 TEMPERATURE.

At an inquest yesterday on a two-year-old child who died from scalds at Cannock, both the doctor and coroner said that they had never known a case in which the temperature rose as high as that of the child—108.4. A nurse stated that when she bathed the child's lips with water steam was caused.

TRAIN CRASH AT LIVERPOOL-STREET.

About fifty passengers complained of shock at Liverpool-street Station yesterday when the 3.25 a.m. Chingford train crashed into a buffer stop. No one was seriously hurt.

NO LOCK-OUT TO-DAY

Arbitration Agreement of Master Builders and Men.

"TO HELP HOUSING" AIM.

As the result of an eleventh-hour mediation yesterday by Mr. Ramsay Macdonald (leader of the Opposition), acting for the Labour Party, the lock-out of 500 builders, due to start to-day, was averted by both sides agreeing to arbitration.

Negotiations were resumed, and resulted in the employers withdrawing their notices on the understanding that the questions of interpreting the disputed agreement and wage and hours should be referred to a panel of three to an arbitrator appointed by the Lord Chief Justice, and two assessors—one nominated by each side.

On the question of forty-seven hours a week in the summer a ballot is to be taken regionally within a month, and if local agreements are not reached, or if reached they are not ratified by the National Council, the same arbitration machinery is to be employed. Both sides "have made sacrifices to assist in the urgent work of providing houses."

In the meantime, the men are to continue at work under existing conditions.

GLADYS PRYCE RIDDLE.

Anonymous Letters Concerning Lost Girl May Have Court Sequel.

Interest has been revived in the mysterious disappearance, fifteen months ago, of Miss Gladys Pryce, an attractive young Sunday school teacher, from Woodford (Essex), by a series of remarkable anonymous letters received during the past few months by local people.

These letters have a definite purpose. Incidents connected with Miss Pryce's disappearance, and it is stated that legal proceedings may be taken against a supposed writer of some of them.

Many people who knew Miss Pryce's temperament think that she entered a convent, but nothing has been revealed to support that theory.

MAN'S FIGHT WITH DOGS.

Bailiff Has to Shoot Both to Prevent Himself Being Attacked.

Two large cross-bred dogs worried twenty sheep in a field yesterday at Merton, Northamptonshire, and when the farm bailiff appeared on the scene and tried to drive off the dogs, they turned on him fiercely.

The man was, fortunately, armed with a gun, and was able to shoot both animals.

LONDON'S YOUNG IDEA.

Children A Year Ahead in Intelligence of Those in Paris or New York.

London children are, in intelligence, one year ahead of other children of the same age in Paris and New York, according to recent psychological research.

To-day is scholarship day in London, and according to the results of the examination, has reached Standard IV, or its educational equivalent, is entitled to sit for the junior county scholarships awarded by the London County Council. There are 7,280 entrants.

FEARED BLINDNESS.

Suicide of Brighton Woman Who Thought She Was Losing Her Sight.

How fear of going blind had preyed on the mind of Mrs. Ida Margaret Green, 36, of Duke-street, Brighton, and contributed to the cause of her suicide, was told at the inquest yesterday.

Dr. Baines said he had been attending her for depression and received a letter on Monday which made him go to her house. He found her dying from gas poisoning.

A verdict was returned of Suicide whilst of unsound mind.

£17,500 BOX THEFT.

London Gang Suspected of Mysterious Station Robbery at Bradford.

The box had been found up to a late hour last night of the bullion box containing £17,500 in Treasury notes which vanished from the Bradford parcels office of the London, Midland and Scottish Railway some time between Tuesday evening and Thursday morning.

The box bore the seals of the National Provincial Bank, Bradford, which is assigned to the Bradford headquarters in Market-street. It was placed in a wooden safe, but neither this nor any of the office doors bear any signs of having been tampered with.

The box arrived at Bradford about 7.30 p.m. on Tuesday, but was not called for until 11 a.m. on Thursday.

It is believed that a gang of expert thieves travelled from London on the same train as the box.

PEER'S CAR TRAGEDY

Motorist's Fatal Collision with Duke of Westminster.

CROSS ROADS' CRASH.

A motor cyclist who collided with the Duke of Westminster's car on the Nantwich and Chester road yesterday had his skull fractured and died while being taken to hospital in the car, attended by the Duke himself.

The cyclist was being driven to Eaton Hall by his chauffeur and was crossing Four Lane Ends over the main road at Hurleston, Nantwich, when the motorcyclist, going along the main road towards Chester, crashed into the car broadside on.

The motorcyclist's identity bore the name William Ewart Gladstone Jones, Baxton-road, Runnymede.

The Duke was much upset, and told a *Daily Mirror* representative that the man charged straight into his car, the left sideboard of which was smashed in and the body of the car penetrated.

The Duke proceeded to Eaton Hall after his and his chauffeur's statements had been taken by the police.

His Grace asked that his profound sympathy should be sent to the man's family.

NEXT WAR IN CLOUDS.

Sir Ian Hamilton's Vision of Fleets of Planes and Tank Charges.

The great battles of the near future will be fought by tanks and aeroplanes at railway train speed in the clouds above or amidst clouds of smoke and fire low upon the ground.

We might see a charge of 500 aeroplanes across the sky or a thundering charge of heavy tanks sweep away an empire.

This was the prophecy of General Sir Ian Hamilton in an address last night to the H.A.C. Mess Club.

To terrible war machines and poison gas, he said, there was only one alternative—to reconcile ourselves with all enemies and let everyone join the League of Nations. If we did not do that we must reorganise our forces upon a new mechanical basis.

CHOCOLATE CURFEW.

Judges Against Sunday Sale of Sweets After Eight o'Clock.

Sweet-shops may not be kept open after eight o'clock on Sunday evenings.

This was the decision given by the Lord Chief Justice and Justices Avory and Roche in the King's Bench Division yesterday.

The matter came before the Court as an appeal by the London County Council against the refusal of the Marylebone magistrate (Mr. Ratcliffe Cousins) to convict Mr. M. Gainsborough, a Marble Arch shopkeeper, who had kept open until 9.30 p.m. on Sundays. The appeal was allowed with costs.

BISHOP DROWNED.

Passengers' Fate in Motor-Boat in Storm Off British Honduras.

The Bishop of Belize, capital of British Honduras, two nuns, and seventeen other passengers were drowned, says Reuter, when a motor-boat conveying them from Belize to Payobusto (Mexico) sank during a sudden storm.

Fifty others were saved.

The Bishop referred to, it is assumed in London, is Bishop Frederick Hopkins, S.J., of the Catholic Cathedral. He is a brother of Canon Francis Hopkins, Birmingham, for many years connected with Birmingham Cathedral.

PRINCE'S BELGIAN VISIT

Unveiling of Brussels Memorial and Possible Tour of Ypres Salient.

For his visit to Belgium the Prince of Wales will leave Dover at noon on April 27 (Friday week) on board the cruiser Caledon for Zeebrugge.

He will be received by the King and Queen of Belgians at Brussels, where he unveils next day a British memorial to Belgium's services in the war.

There will be a luncheon at the British Embassy in the evening, followed by a state banquet at the Palace. It is possible that the Prince will make a tour of the Ypres salient.

£260 IN CASE VANISHES.

Two well-dressed men, Arthur Collinson Flatman and Walter Rob McDonald, were remanded at Dover yesterday, charged with stealing from Dover Marine Station a dressing-case containing £260 in notes and other articles, worth £50, the property of Miss Ruby Wertheimer, who arrived from London by boat express on her way to Paris. The dressing-case was found ripped open at a Dover hotel.

BACHELOR GIRL TELLS HER STORY.

Warned to Stop "Squandering" Her Capital.

DRESSMAKING PLAN.

Business That Was To Be All French.

Miss Sybil Sutton-Vane, who is alleged to have squandered £5,000 on a bachelor life in London, told her story in the King's Bench Division yesterday.

She told of the agreement which led to the slander action brought by Messrs. Wingfield, solicitors, against the London County Westminster and Parris Bank.

The agreement was made between Miss Sutton-Vane and a Mrs. Rosa Bertha Mason in connection with a dressmaking business, and the statement alleged was:—

"Wingfield ought never to have advised you (Miss Sutton-Vane) to execute this plan. It is a most improper and unfair agreement." The jury found that these words spoken by Mr. Geoffrey Paré, manager of the bank's trustee department, were defamatory, but they agreed the words were true and were not spoken with malice. The jury awarded no damages.

WARNED OF HER DANGER

Miss Sutton-Vane and Question of Running Through Her Capital.

Miss Sybil Sutton-Vane, a tall, slim, pretty girl, dressed in black, said Mr. Arthur Wingfield warned her of the danger she was running in going to France, and told her to give up the idea. It was her suggestion that she should take up some settled work and he heartily agreed.

Mr. Wingfield read the agreement to her, and on asking him if he advised her to sign it, he said: "Yes."

Witness said Mr. Wingfield read the agreement through to her, but beyond that he did not explain the terms to her. She did not understand them, and she was surprised when she had time to go through the terms slowly.

Mr. George Arthur Wingfield said he was still perfectly satisfied with the agreement and that it would work well. He had hoped Mrs. Mason would make the business a success and teach Miss Sutton-Vane to work.

Witness said he believed Miss Sutton-Vane's statement that she was interested in the cinema business until her brother told him it was "all bunkum."

Mrs. Rosa Bertha Mason, of Wandsworth Common, said she was asked to join Miss Sutton-Vane in the business. She was to bring in no capital, and she knew Miss Sutton-Vane was to bring in £1,500.

"Miss Sutton-Vane," added witness, "was young, misguided, and did not know how to manage her money."

Miss Sutton-Vane said she wanted everything French, and that she did not wish anything English.

Miss Jane Sutton-Vane, an actor-author, who said his father was the author of the famous play, "Span of Life," next gave evidence. He said he was uneasy about the way his sister's money went, and he wanted her to have some employment. On one occasion she brought him a bundle of pawn tickets.

Mr. Justice Darling had left court when the jury returned their verdict. Judgment will be entered next week.

OTHER NEWS IN BRIEF.

To-day's Weather.—London and S.E.: Bright periods; occasional rain or hail, risk of thunder. Lighting-up time, 7.51 p.m.

Sheriff is to have a broadcasting station.

Dentist's Chair Death.—Under what laughing gas in dentist's chair, an eighteen-year-old Glasgow girl died.

The Late Mrs. Hyndman.—The funeral of Mrs. Rosalie Travers Hyndman takes place to-day at 3 p.m. at Golders Green.

Bible as Pillow.—With his head pillow'd on a Bible, Alfred Mather (sixty-six) was found dead in a gas-filled room at Bolton.

Rats Cause Plague.—The increase in rats owing to the bumper harvest of 1922 has caused the rerudescence of plague in India.

late Lord Carnarvon.—The Countess of Carnarvon will leave Cairo for England to-day with the embalmed body of the late Earl.—Reuter.

Bernard Dillon, ex-jockey and husband of the late Miss Marie Lloyd, yesterday successfully appealed at London Sessions against sentence of a month's hard labour for alleged assault.

Baronet's Mother-in-Law Killed.—Mrs. Reiner Ferry, aged seventy-two, mother-in-law of Sir Rowland Blades, Bart., M.P., died after being knocked down by a cyclist yesterday at Sutton.

Gallipoli Hero Dead.—Commander Spicer, R.N.R., who commanded the last ship to leave Gallipoli in the evacuation, has died at Southampton.

FAMOUS MANNEQUINS WILL PARADE AT OUR FASHION FAIR AT HOLLAND PARK HALL

INCREASED PRESSURE IN RUHR TO MAKE GERMANY PAY

Franco-Belgian Conference in Paris Decides on Series of New Measures.

SPEED-UP ON COAL, TAXES AND RAILWAYS

Common Action Until Berlin Makes Direct Proposals
—Reduced Reparations Plan Officially Denied.

Fresh measures to increase pressure on Germany were approved at the Franco-Belgian Conference on the Ruhr yesterday in Paris.

Immediate steps are to be taken to speed-up deliveries of coal and coke, facilitate the collection of taxes and improve railway administration.

The two Governments pledged themselves afresh to common action until Germany makes direct proposals in regard to reparations.

Paris reports of a new reparations plan reducing Germany's indebtedness to £2,000,000,000 were officially denied last night.

HEAVIER RUHR PRESSURE WHILE NECESSARY.

M. Loucheur's English Visit To Be Discussed To-day.

ALLIES IN FULL ACCORD.

At the close of yesterday's Franco-Belgian conference at the Quai d'Orsay, says a Reuter Paris message, the following communiqué was issued:—

"The Belgian and French Governments, equally resolved to pursue their common action in the Ruhr until Germany decides to make direct proposals for the payment of reparations, have considered a whole series of fresh measures to increase their pressure and to continue it as long as may be necessary.

"Furthermore they have reached a number of decisions to accelerate the removal of coke and coal, to assure the collection of the coal tax, and to improve still more the working of the railway administration."

"They will meet tomorrow morning to discuss especially questions regarding the accounts of the inter-Allied services; the disposal of the proceeds of the pledges, fines and seizures of funds and deliveries in kind, etc."

Chief figures at the Conference were M. Poincaré (French Premier), M. Theunis (Belgian Premier) and M. Jaspar (Belgian Foreign Minister).

MYTHICAL "NEW PLAN."

Only the question of the Ruhr was under discussion yesterday, said the Exchange, and the visit of the French delegation to London was not referred to, but it is probable that it will come up for discussion when the conference is resumed to-day.

It is significant, says the Central News, that although M. Loucheur was not present at the Conference he was the only "outside" guest at the dinner given last night by M. Poincaré to the Belgian delegates, and the others present included distinguished men in the Ruhr.

While the Conference was sitting sensational rumours were in circulation in Paris regarding a new reparations plan.

The *Matin*, says the Exchange, had reported that the Allied Ministers would discuss a new plan fixing the total sum to be paid by Germany at £40,000,000,000 gold marks (£2,000,000,000). It was officially denied, however, that this or any similar plan would be discussed.

France Right.—Interviewed on his return from England, M. Klotz (formerly French Finance Minister) said he had brought back a very clear impression that the majority of the English people were convinced that France was in the right.

RUHR EXPLOSION MYSTERY.

Trucks from Unknown Source Dash Into Station—General Attacked.

A curious incident at Merklinde station, in the Ruhr, is reported by Reuter from Dusseldorf.

Two trucks suddenly arrived at full speed. One, loaded with explosives, blew up on entering the station, but fortunately nobody was hurt and the material damage was insignificant.

It is not known whether the trucks were shunted.

Several other acts of railway sabotage are reported.

While General Payot, controller of communications of the Rhine Army, was motoring near Kastrop a stone was thrown at his car, one window of which was broken. The general was not struck, but an engineer named Roy was hit by the flying glass.

SHIPBUILDER'S GOLDEN WEDDING.

Sir George Burton Hunter, chairman of Messrs. Swan, Hunter and Wigham Richardson, shipbuilders, of Wallsend, and Lady Hunter celebrate their golden wedding to-morrow.



William Taylor, who has just died at the age of 56, was well known to visitors to the Scilly Isles. He was a notable pilot.

Lieut.-Col. Sir Raymond Green Bart., M.P., a prominent member of the Committee on prison officers' service.

THREE WEDDING GIFT RECEPTIONS AT PALACE.

Marriage Service Hymns Chosen by the King.

LADY ELIZABETH'S RING.

Four Hours' Motor Trip to Honeymoon Spot.

Three receptions, at which the wedding presents given to the Duke of York and Lady Elizabeth Bowes-Lyon will be displayed, will be given at Buckingham Palace before the royal marriage on April 26.

The King and Queen and the Earl and Countess of Strathmore will act as joint hosts at these receptions.

After their honeymoon the Duke and his bride will give four garden parties at their future home, White Lodge, Richmond, and the King and Queen will be present.

Every detail of Lady Elizabeth's bridal apparel will carry out the Botticelli inspiration of her wedding dress.

She will wear a Renaissance fillet of orange blossom completely encircling her head. The flowers are being sent from Florida by the Canadian Club there.

BRIDE'S NECKLACES.

The bridal shoes, of ivory satin closely sown with seed pearls, are also of Botticelli design—low-heeled and with long, pointed toes.

Fashion will be followed in the matter of the wedding ring, which is very narrow and rounded. It is made of Welsh gold.

Lady Elizabeth's wedding day jewellery will be the pearl and diamond necklaces which her fiancée has given her.

Among the hymns which the King has chosen for the wedding service at Westminster Abbey is "The King of Love My Shepherd Is."

Arrangements for the wedding breakfast and the reception which will follow are practically complete.

Immediately after the reception the Duke and his bride will motor to their honeymoon destination—a four hours' journey by car.

The Bride's Rank.—There is reason to believe, since the Duke and Queen are to be married, that Lady Elizabeth Bowes-Lyon will share her royal consort's rank and precedence, but until the King's wishes are made known no official information on this point is available.

SOCKS FOR THE DUKE.

Marriage Gift from Blind—Second List of Presents.

A second official list of wedding presents numbering over 100, to the Duke of York, which was issued last night, contains many interesting items.

Wing-Commander Louis Greig, the Duke's constant and constant companion since war-time days, gives a pugskin case with ivy-backed brushes and tortoiseshell combs.

From his former tutor, Mr. H. P. Hansell, the Duke has received an old leather fire bucket. Other gifts include:—

Earl and Countess Beatty, a porcelain dessert service; Viscount and Viscountess Buxton, a pair of dove-cuckoo часы; the Archdeacon of Canterbury a Pewter Book; Captain Blindthorne, three pairs socks, hand-knitted; Mr. and Mrs. Austen Chamberlain, a letter-case of stamped Oriental script leather; Viscount and Viscountess Cowdry, a granite vase; Dr. Sir Michael Bowes-Lyon, a walking-stick mounted with gold.

Mr. and Mrs. Reginald McKenna, memorial edition of Bewick's Works; Sir Alfred and Lady Mond, a white onyx cigarette case; Oakleaf Gloves; Captain and Mrs. J. C. M. M. mounted by Stephen Hunt (subscribers to and farmers); sporting prints; Marquis and Marchioness of Salisbury, a satin book case.

A notable feature of the list is the recognition of the Duke's open-air interests, there being a large number of books on hunting in the list.

PRIEST KILLS RECTOR.

Tragedy at Supper Table as Sequel to Scornful Treatment.

New York, Friday. Father Dillon, assistant rector of St. Augustine's Church, Kalamazoo, Michigan, last night shot four times and killed Father O'Neill, the priest who had treated him scornfully during the past year.

The tragedy took place during supper.

Father Dillon immediately requested another priest to administer the Sacrament to his victim and himself called in the police, to whom he surrendered, saying that Father O'Neill had treated him scornfully during the past year.

REBEL COUNTESS STILL FREE.

The report that Mme. Markievicz was arrested in Tipperary on Thursday, while travelling to Clonmel to attend Liam Lynch's funeral, is unfounded.

Two armed men held up an attendant yesterday at the Corinthian Picture House, Eddies Quay, Dublin, and deposited a land mine under the seats and made off. The mine failed to explode and was removed.

DAY OFF FOR M.P.S AFTER 21 HOURS' SITTING.

Whips Who Did Not Join the Sleepers on Benches.

LONE SPECTATOR'S VIGIL.

Just as Big Ben pointed to noon yesterday the previous day's session of the Commons ended, after a continuous sitting of twenty-four hours.

So weary and exhausted were M.P.s by their all-night labours that they were "given a day off," and the House adjourned until Monday, after the longest meeting in the past two years.

Labour members remained on duty in strong force all the time, but although about twenty divisions were taken the Government Whips held the fort.

There were many piquant incidents during the debate on the Army and Air Force (Annual) Bill, which occupied the whole time and passed through all its stages.

ONE-MAN AUDIENCE.

The Labour Party had laid careful plans, and they always had been carried out by their members, Mr. J. H. Thomas led the Opposition, in the absence of Mr. Ramsay Macdonald.

On the Government side Colonel Walter Guinness and Sir Samuel Hoare piloted the Bill with the greatest patience and skill, and both Ministers remained on the Treasury bench practically continuously.

One man sat the sitting through in the Public Gallery, a Labour member—companion—including a woman—went home to bed at 5.30.

One division was being taken the Labour members, as they passed through the Lobby, sang a chorus of "John Brown's Body."

SLUMBERS DISTURBED.

About ten minutes to eight Mr. Mitchell Banks, a Unionist member, pointed to two Labour members who were sleeping fast asleep at full length on the back benches.

He suggested, amid loud laughter, that it might contribute to the decorum of the debate if they "removed the corpses."

Colleagues of the two sleeping members woke them up amid renewed hilarity, and they sat upright with a started look.

A little later Mr. Pringle expressed the hope that the House would not keep members in the House indefinitely. "The House is now high in the heavens," he said, amid laughter, which was renewed when a Ministerial retorted: "I wish you were!"

By dawn there were many members with drooping heads, others snored in corner seats, and two or three wide-a-wakes on the Ministerial Benches had to shelter their eyes from the rays of the sun as it broke through into the gloom of the Chamber.

SCANDAL OVER DEATH.

Inquest to Give the Lie to Rumours—Doctors' Duty.

"Doctors and nurses have occasionally to save scandal when there is no cause for the rumours," said the coroner at an inquest yesterday at Park Royal Hospital on Mrs. Mary Nipper, aged thirty-one, who died in the hospital from septicaemia (blood poisoning) after childbirth.

The inquest was held at the request of the husband.

Mrs. Alice Cox, a nurse, mentioned that there had been local scandal over the death, and she asked the coroner whether he thought she was to blame.

The Coroner said he was satisfied that no one was to blame. It was one of those cases which occasionally happened to both rich and poor.

Owing to the backwardness of medical science, no remedy had been found. Verdict: Death from natural causes.

William Taylor, who has just died at the age of 56, was well known to visitors to the Scilly Isles. He was a notable pilot.

Lieut.-Col. Sir Raymond Green Bart., M.P., a prominent member of the Committee on prison officers' service.

"GHOST" TELLS OF PLOT TO MURDER WIFE.

Husband Alleged To Have Planned Scene on Stairs.

WITNESS FROM PRISON.

Further remarkable evidence was given yesterday at Liverpool, where John Kersie was charged with having planned to murder his wife Catherine in order to obtain newspaper insurance money and with inciting Frank Connolly to commit the crime.

Connolly stated that Kersie told him he would smuggle him into his room, and as soon as Mrs. Kersie came into the bedroom Connolly was to make a rush at her with a white sheet over him and throw her over the stair balusters.

If that did not kill her he would find a coal-burner downstairs and he was to give her a blow on the head.

Kersie is alleged to have promised Connolly £100 of the £500 which he hoped to receive in insurance money. Connolly is serving a term of imprisonment for theft.

Chief-Inspector Holbrook stated that about five months ago Kersie met a man named Ward and it was alleged that Kersie endeavoured to induce Ward to murder Mrs. Kersie.

MAKE NO MISTAKE.

Frank Connolly, a labourer, of Liverpool, said Kersie told him he had a dog's life and he would be glad to be rid of his wife.

He had put a pin in his food and tried to poison him.

On March 17, said Connolly, Kersie showed him the bedroom and the balusters, and pointed to a cloth from his bedroom, which Kersie told him to put over his head.

Connolly crept quietly into the house and went into the bedroom. Kersie entered with a lighted candle saying: "Be sure and make no mistake. Bless you. You are made for life."

After Kersie had left the house Connolly came out of the room, and as he walked down the stairs he heard a noise in the right. "Don't be alarmed. I am a human being. I won't harm you, but I have something to tell you."

Kersie was remanded in custody.

£16,000 LIQUOR HAUL.

Dry" Navy's Capture Includes 200 Bottles of Benedictine.

New York, Friday.

The Prohibition "Navy" captured an ocean tug-day with 80,000 dollars (£16,000) worth of liquor aboard.

A motor-boat was also caught with 200 bottles of Benedictine, which is sold here at forty dollars (£8) a quart.—Central News.

"RAFFLES'" LOVE CALL.

Sentimental Burglar Who Broke from Cell To See Fiancee.

George Borde, the burglar who effected a number of sensational burglaries, afterwards writing "Raffles" or "Arsene Lupin" on walls and windows, has endeavoured to live up to his character by trying to escape from prison.

With the aid of an iron bar which he broke from his cell, he pierced the walls of his cell, after a month's work which he completed by filling up the spaces with bread. One night he climbed through and was about to jump to safety when he was captured.

He gave as his reason for escape his desire to see his fiancee, the daughter of a tradesman, who up to the time of Borde's arrest had no idea of the manner in which he gained his livelihood.

There was no time to go to his fiancee, so the burglar determined to effect his escape and explain everything in a conversation.—Reuter.

PRISON FOR DOLE FRAUDS.

Passing sentences of a month's hard labour in four cases of getting the dole by fraud, Mr. Davies, at Thames Police Court yesterday, said:

"There is a great deal of this going on; I am going to send to prison everybody who commits this type of offence."



Daily Mirror Fashion Fair

At HOLLAND PARK HALL

MONDAY, APRIL 16th to SATURDAY, APRIL 28th

EVERYBODY must visit this wonderful International Fashion Fair which will undoubtedly be the sensation of the London Season. Every woman will want to see the World's Best in Dress. The great Fashion Houses with reputations in two hemispheres have been selected by "The Daily Mirror" to display the wealth of their ideas. The ensemble will be a Wonder Spectacle.

The "last word" in fashion decrees will be spoken at this Exhibition. Gowns, costumes, tweeds, millinery, perfumery, hairdressing, and accessories of embellishment will be exhibited in a

Gorgeous and Dazzling Setting

The Fashion Fair will be the talk of London, which has never witnessed such a superb spectacle.

SPECIAL DISPLAYS IN THE TEMPLE OF FASHION

At 3 and 8.45 p.m.

will leave beholders breathless with admiration. Most beautiful mannequins will exhibit the products of—

Callot Soeurs
Doeuillet
Isobel
Cheruit
Fifinella
Christabel Russell
Beer

Paul Caret
Tiziana
Madeleine and
John Burnett & Co.
Threshers
Harlequin

Paul Poiret
Adèle de Paris
A la Reine
d'Angleterre
Gallenga
Zyrot
Pam

Concerts by the full orchestra of His Majesty's Royal Engineers will be a special attraction
The Exhibition will be open from 11 a.m. to 10.30 p.m. daily

ADMISSION : 5/- including Tax.
After 6 p.m., admission 2/6.
Saturdays 2/6 all day.

COMING CHAMPIONS



Feeding-time at the kennels, an important item in the programme.



Three nine-month greyhound puppies from Mr. Jennings' kennels.

At the Newmarket kennels of Mr. Percy Jennings, the well-known greyhound owner, who has just won the president's cup at Stowmarket. He has won seventeen cups with hounds of his own breeding.



UNDER-RIVER TUNNEL.—Workmen with compressed-air pick driving a tunnel under the River Don at Doncaster. The percolation of water into the tunnel renders the work exceptionally difficult.

THE BABY CROCODILE



Two small visitors to the London Zoo much interested in one of the tiny crocodiles brought by Mr. W. Shakespeare from Ceylon. Mr. Shakespeare has also brought over seventy specimens of the climbing fish of Ceylon.—(Daily Mirror.)



POLICE CHIEF RESIGNS.—Colonel Edgeworth Johnstone, chief commissioner, Dublin Metropolitan Police, who has resigned, photographed at his farewell parade.



Mrs. Frederick Thompson, whose detention at Ellis Island has led to the transference of responsible official.



AT AYLESBURY STEEPLECHASES.—Left to right: Mrs. James de Rothschild, Lady Irene Curzon, Mr. Anthony de Rothschild, Hon. Harold Pearson and Hon. Mrs. H. Pearson.

LUCKY DOGS T



Mr. Lowe's dogs travel in comfort in an ingenious vehicle at the English Setter Club field trials, W.



THE FAMILY GRANDSTAND.—Waiting in an impromptu grandstand at the Royal Agricultural College at Cirencester.



A FORMIDABLE PET.—A three-year-old pug dog out for a walk in the grounds of the Edinburgh Zoo. The animal is quite tame, and many people appreciate being stroked and petted.

SELLING DE LUXE



ment to the back of his motor-car on their way to Park Estate, near Ipswich.—(Daily Mirror.)

WHERE WOLSEY RESTS



Excavating on the site of Leicester Abbey in an endeavour to discover the tomb of Cardinal Wolsey, who died in the Abbey in 1529, and was buried in the Lady Chapel. All above ground traces of the buildings have disappeared.



the side of the road for the King and Queen to pass on their way to inspect. The party is quite cosy and weatherproof.



Major Conway Victoria Fisher-Kemp, M.C., the well-known cricketer, whose death is announced.



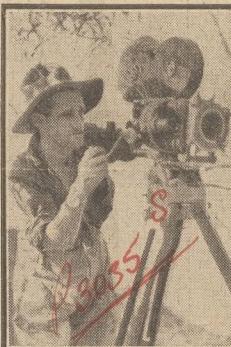
SELLING THE PUPS.—At the dog market which for over 100 years has been held in Beaufort Green, London, on Sunday mornings. Some of the vendors with "the goods" for sale.

TO RACES BY WATER.—Spectators wading to the course at Arbourfield Cross, Wokingham, for the Army Service Corps point-to-point races. The passage could not damp their ardour for sport.

ECLIPSE OBSERVATIONS



The forty-foot camera used to photograph the corona. Inset, Dr. W. W. Campbell, Lick Observatory, California, leader of expedition.



Mr. E. Brandon Cremer, cinematographer with the expedition, taking pictures of some of the proceedings.



Covering the Einstein camera and raising it on to the polar axis, a difficult and delicate operation.



Preparing the steel frame with which the polar axis was made.

With the American expedition which established itself at Wallal in the north-west of West Australia in order to make observations and obtain photographs during the recent solar eclipse, with the particular object of obtaining material for testing the Einstein theory of relativity.



SATURDAY, APRIL 14, 1923

THE ADVENTURES OF PIP, SQUEAK AND WILFRED

No. 79.—SQUEAK GETS A "TUNE ON THE BRAIN": ANGELINE'S NOVEL CURE.



1. While out for a walk Squeak heard a very catchy tune played on a piano-organ.



2. She started to sing it in her funny croaky voice and repeated it over and over again.



3. She went on and on, and then started to dance to the air. Pip was getting very annoyed.



4. "Look here," he cried, "I can't stand this much longer!" But poor Squeak couldn't stop.



5. As Squeak sang and waltzed her way into the house Pip had an idea to stop this nonsense.



6. He borrowed some tea-trays and made such a din that Squeak's voice was quite drowned.



7. Angeline, however, wondered what on earth had happened. She rushed into the nursery.



8. "Squeak has got a tune on the brain and won't stop," said Pip. Angeline at once thought of a cure.



9. She put a rubber ring round Squeak's bill, and of course the penguin could hardly make a sound!

"I-WONDER-WHY" HERBERT: No. 9. This week Herbert tries to capture a burglar, with disastrous results.



1. The other night Herbert heard Pogo growling and promptly "wondered why."



2. He crept along the passage and heard someone moving in his father's study.



3. He locked the door in triumph, proud of capturing a burglar.



4. Then, to his dismay, he found it was his father! Poor Herbert!

EVEN AN OLD BOOT COMES IN



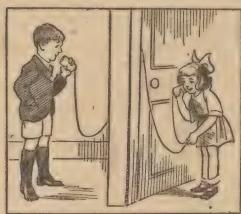
YOUR OWN 'PHONE.
How to Make It from
Mantle Boxes.

YOU can make over such a jolly little toy telephone from the long boxes they pack gas mantles in. Ask mother to let you have four of these boxes when she has used the mantles. Then throw away the lids and pass a piece of string through the bottom of each box. One box is the receiver, and the other the speaking tube. Of course, you won't actually be able to hear through them for any distance, but they are splendid for "make believe."

Have you ever played at "offices"? It is a great game; and, of course, no office is complete without a telephone.

In order to play this game you want a corner of the room, with a little table as a desk and a few chairs. One of you can be the "manager," and sit at the table, on which one of the boxes is placed. The others can be clerks, typists, visitors, etc. How you play it, of course, depends on yourself.

If you use plenty of imagination, it is a great game—and it is sure to amuse daddy.



"Hello! are you there?"

office is complete without a telephone.

In order to play this game you want a corner of the room, with a little table as a desk and a few chairs. One of you can be the "manager," and sit at the table, on which one of the boxes is placed. The others can be clerks, typists, visitors, etc. How you play it, of course, depends on yourself.

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DAILY MIRROR OFFICE, SATURDAY, APRIL 14, 1923.

MY DEAR BOYS AND GIRLS,—

Squeak's funny adventure, shown in to-day's pictures, in which she gets a "tune on the brain," reminds me of a piece of poetry, or rather a jingle, which, once heard, is very hard to forget. Perhaps you have heard it? The poem occurs in one of Mark Twain's books; I can only remember the first two lines of it, but they are quite sufficient to show how "catchy" it is. The lines run:—

Punch, punch, punch with care,

Punch in the presence of the "passenjare"

It is a song, of course, about a conductor punching tickets on a tramcar.

SAY IT IN THE TRAIN.

If you say these lines over two or three times you will be surprised to find how the words seem to jog along of their own accord, and every time you come to "passenjare" back you start again at "PUNCH, punch, PUNCH with care, PUNCH—" and so on.

If you are riding in a train the words of this little jingle seem to fit themselves exactly to the "bump-i-ty-bump" of the wheels running over the metals. "TUM, tum-tum, TUM-tum-tum, TUM, tid-ble-ee-um-tum, TUM-tum-tum."

I hope you won't blame me if any of you get this funny rhyme "on the brain" and find yourself saying it over like a parrot the first thing in the morning and the last thing at night. Read it over to father and see if he "catches" it!

Your affectionate
Uncle Dick.

A MYSTERY SEA.
Guess the Names of
These Fishes.

Each little picture you see below represents the name of some fish, found either in the sea or the river. For instance, you will all guess that No. 3 is herring. Now solve the others.

For the neatest and correct solu-



Boys and girls, win a prize, entries, written on a card, I am awarding the following splendid prizes:—

First Prize	£2 10 0
Second Prize	1 10 0
Third Prize	1 0 0
Forty Prizes of	5 0
Forty Prizes of	2 6

Send your entry, with your name, age and address, to Uncle Dick (Fish), "Pip and Squeak," care of The Daily Mirror, 29, Boulevard Street, London, E.C.4, to reach this office before April 21. Only children under sixteen may compete.

ADVENTURES OF HELPFUL HORACE:



1. Horace was very angry when some birds raided his garden bed.



2. He chased them away, but was horrified on turning round to see—

Horace loves gardening, but he will have to buy some new seeds.



3. —a puppy burying some of his bones in the bed of seeds.

GRAND NEW SERIAL ON APRIL 28



BY RICHARD BARNES.

FOR NEW READERS.

Derek Woroak is sent on a treasure-seeking expedition by his employers. After various exciting adventures he and his friend, Simpson, reach the island where the treasure is hidden. To their dismay they learn that they are two days too late.

THE RIVAL.

"WHAT!" exclaimed Derek, his eyes almost starting out of his head. "You mean that we're too late?"

"That's it, sonny." There was a note of pity in the man's voice, for he saw how terribly disappointed Derek was. "If you'd come a couple of days ago the treasure would have been yours, but—"

"But who has claimed it?" burst out the boy impatiently. "Was it a man called Raynor?"

If he had thought a moment he would have realised how foolish was his question, for he knew well enough that it was only a few hours since his two rivals had landed on the island.

"Of course it isn't," put in Simpson quickly. "You must have another rival, Derek, old boy, and I'm very much afraid he's beaten us. By the way"—he turned to the two men again—"what did you say the lucky man's name was?"

"I don't even know it," he said. "He came here a couple of days ago, staked his claim, and since then he's been exploring the island. He comes back to the cave each night, but he's not told us a great deal about himself."

"What I can't understand," said Simpson,

after a pause, "is why you two haven't claimed the treasure for yourselves."

The man with the beard smiled. "I dare say it does seem rather strange," he said. "But my brother and I don't want any treasure. We were wrecked on this island some years ago. At first, as you can imagine, we were both thoroughly miserable, but gradually we got accustomed to the life, and now we're so fond of it that we wouldn't leave for all the treasure in the world. Would we, Bert?"

The companion laughed and shook his head. "Bert," he said, "you've got him this time. I became serious again. "All the same, I'm sorry for you two fellows. It's very bad luck and—"

"Oh, don't worry about us," said Derek. "We must grin and bear it, that's all. But I'd

table—all evidently home-made—and really looked quite cosy. While the younger man prepared a rough meal of tinned meat and ship's biscuits his companion listened with interest to Derek's story.

At the end of it he slapped the boy excitedly across the back. "Cheer up, youngster!" he cried. "You're made of the right stuff. Your turn will come before long."

After the meal was over he led the two visitors into an inner cave in which the treasure was hidden. As his eye caught sight of it all Derek gave a gasp of amazement.

In the middle of the cave was a big chest, while scattered all over the floor were glittering coins and handsome ornaments of silver and gold.

"Why, this must be worth thousands of pounds!" exclaimed the boy.

The man with the beard laughed. "More like millions," he replied. "No one seems to know how long it's been here, but it's thought to have come from a rich Spanish galleon that was wrecked here ages ago."

Derek and Simpson spent some time examining the wonderful collection, but at last Bert, who had gone back to the inner cave, came running in to them.

"Here comes the owner of it all," he announced. "He'll be surprised to see visitors."

All of them hurried into the open. Some distance away they could see a man approaching. He was running along the rocky, little guessing the surprise that was in store for him.

"You'll find him a decent sort of fellow," said Bert to Derek. "Not very talkative, but, after all, you can't blame him for that. He's been very grateful for the help we've given him. It wouldn't surprise me at all if he wants you to take a small share in the treasure when he's heard your story."

"Oh, but we couldn't think of that," replied the boy nervously. "After all, he got here first, and the treasure belongs to him."

"Well, here he comes, at any rate."

Derek looked up suddenly, and then started back with a cry as he saw the face of the man who had beaten him in the race for the treasure.

(This grand story will be concluded next week. Be sure not to miss the "happy ending.")



"This must be worth thousands of pounds," exclaimed Derek.

rather like to see the man who's beaten us. Do you think we might?"

"Why not? I dare say he'll be back in an hour or two. Meanwhile, you may as well come into the cave and have a bit of something to eat. Perhaps the boy will let you see the treasure. What do you think, Bert?"

"Of course," was the reply. "I don't think they look the sort who'd try to do a bolt with it."

The two men led the way into a big cave. It was furnished with a couple of chairs and a

YOUNG CEDRIC AND RAYMOND TRY TO



USEFUL IF YOU'RE
REALLY CLEVER.

THE WAY OF A MAN

By S.
ANDREW WOOD



"I have rather—er surprising news for you, Miss Beckett. You are named in our client's will as his sole heiress. . . . Peggy knew that she was very white.

She turned, without looking at him again, to the gas ring where the kettle sputtered. As she carried the teapot to the table Adam Quilter slowly raised his head from the newspaper.

"One piece of sugar, if you please, my dear," he said gently. "And as weak as you can make it. This is a remarkable piece of news concerning that well-known man, Mr. Adam Quilter. Remarkable! Your landlady makes her bacon far crispier and juicier than my cook. She has a Dutch oven, I suppose."

He sent little darting glances at Peggy. But, for a while, he did not speak again.

At last he broke silence.

"Dead men tell no tales, they say," he said. "But I am going to tell you one, now. It's the story of the youth of an old man. It's a story of sugary sentiment and mawkish devotion. It's the love story of Adam Quilter."

"Get on with your breakfast, girl, while I tell it to you," Peggy shook her head.

"I want to look at you," she said slowly. "I'll not laugh."

Adam Quilter's eyes softened.

"The tale is more than twenty years old," he said. "There's dust on it now—dust and lavender. The girl had yellow hair and blue eyes, like yours. I was twenty years older than she was. That was why she wouldn't marry me, I suppose. She married a poor man of her own age and was happy. I didn't forget her. I wanted to give her money. I wanted to help her husband to get rich. But he wouldn't let me—the fool!"

A smile twitched Quilter's lips. He was watching Peggy now, with the old consuming look on his face. Downstairs, Monsieur Lupin's apprentice was whistling shrilly as he painted eyebrows upon beautiful waxed faces.

"He would never give up the girl," she said.

"Once or twice, when she came up to London, I saw her. I wanted to marry her but she would only have me for her friend. Then she, too, died and left her daughter a little more than a hundred pounds."

Peggy sat with her slim hands tightly clasping the back of her chair. Little fragments of bitter-sweet memories came raining back upon her. The shabby room about her swayed.

"I'm not good enough," she whispered, in her complete certainty. "You might as well take Adam Quilter's white head won't lower."

"It was your mother," he said simply. "I loved her half my life. For a time I loved money and power almost as much. But they lose their flavour when I had no woman to give them to. I had no alternative but to become an eccentric old man, trying to squeeze some taste out of life. When she lay dying, your mother sent a letter to me, in which she asked me to take care of you. So that was why you came to Quilter's as one of my assistants. That was part of my eccentricity."

The old man chuckled faintly. Peggy's eyes rested on him with growing fascination. She took the empty cup he passed to her, but waited with it poised in her hand.

"And now," Adam Quilter said, very gently.

"I am going to be dead for three months. It is part of that joke of which I spoke some time ago."

Peggy trembled—she did not know why. She watched her companion drain his second cup of tea and rise from the table. She, too, rose, with a return of the same maternal pity she had felt the previous night.

"You can't!" she said, uncertainly, yet like one might speak to a wayward child. "You're not old. You'll get into trouble if you go wandering about, as—as somebody else. A young man can do that—she winced and faltered at the sharp touch on her own wound—but you're too old. What would become of—of your Emporium and everything?"

"It will survive three months," Adam Quilter answered impassively. "Three months only, little Peggy Beckett"—he laid clear emphasis on the words—"remember that. Now go and borrow one of the Frenchman's old hats for your old man and come back to me again."

The sense of running up against a steel barrier stole upon Peggy; of being a puppet of some fate that she could not fight against.

"They would find you!"—she lifted desperate blue eyes. "I should have to tell them!"

Adam Quilter's hands were on her shoulders. His face, at once tender and stern, was near hers.

"You would not," he said. "No, you would not. You will give me your promise, now, and to you a promise is an oath. For three months from this date, you will speak no word of what you know concerning Adam Quilter's escape from the Hotel Buonaparte fire. Whatever should happen to you, you will act as though I was burnt bones in the ruins of that roof theatre. Your promise!"

The curt and domineering tone returned momentarily to his voice. Peggy, hearing it, felt her own young strength beaten down.

"You will not tell," said Adam Quilter, releasing her with a soft laugh. He was putting on his overcoat, turning up the collar over his evening clothes. As though she acted under his command, Peggy took an old velvet hat of her own from her trunk, tore out the feather and handed it to him.

"Three months!" said Adam Quilter, with an inscrutable smile. "Remember—Cinderella!"

The door closed behind him and left her with the name echoing its memories in her ears.

THE AMAZING INHERITANCE

THE small but fashionable salon of Veronique et Vera expected its employees to start work promptly at the stroke of nine o'clock even when, like Peggy, they sometimes stayed working until nine o'clock in the evening.

Peggy was late that morning, and a frosty manageress informed her of the fact.

"Mr. Nan Beverley has come up to her rooms nearly five hundred after Adam Quilter had gone. No man had had an apprehension concerning Peggy's safety. Mariot Birch, it seemed, had seen her clearly in the scared and excited crowd which was drinking cocktails and other nerve tonics in the Golden Lounge of the Hotel Buonaparte after the catastrophe, but had been unable to reach her before she disappeared.

Peggy had a great little smile at the news. No doubt Mariot Birch had seen a girl in a puce cloak, giving no further information.

"He was shivering like a frightened hunter," Nan Beverley said, with an ironical grimace.

"Little Tony Woodford was trotting all round to find you. It was he who got us both down the stairs just before the stuff fell. Jeff didn't shine very effulgently. He'll be like a bear with a bad cold this morning. I mean to get him to see a doctor. He's come home last night. He would never do it in his office, but I never mixes business with pleasure. Rotten luck!"

Peggy, settling herself on her stool in the cash department of Veronique et Vera, remembered Nan's cynical words.

For an instant she wondered when Nan Beverley's second crash would come, and what form it would take.

But she could not dwell long upon it. Her thoughts returned in a relentless circle to the morning's fantasy. The cold and humiliated hatred which she felt for John Secker was displaced for a brief while.

Whatever could be Adam Quilter's motive for hiding?

The question haunted Peggy. In the lunch hour she bought an early evening paper, and

"The tale is more than twenty years old," he said. "There's dust on it now—dust and lavender. The girl had yellow hair and blue eyes, like yours. I was twenty years older than she was. That was why she wouldn't marry me, I suppose. She married a poor man of her own age and was happy. I didn't forget her. I wanted to give her money. I wanted to help her husband to get rich. But he wouldn't let me—the fool!"

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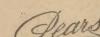
Beauty and Economy

Y ou need not pay extravagant prices in order to get the best tonic, the perfect cleansing agent for the skin. Pears has been perfected by the science and skill of more than 130 years. Whatever you pay you get nothing of more benefit to your skin than this historic soap. It costs a few pence, it is worth to you—exactly what health and beauty are worth.

IN 3 SIZES
BIJOU MEDIUM LARGE
2½ 4½ 7d

Matchless for the Complexion.

Pears'
White Opaque Shaving Stick
Puts your razor on its honour.
Made in Great Britain.



ADAM'S LOVE STORY.

FOR an appreciable time, Peggy continued to sit at the newspaper report of Adam Quilter's death until her heart gave out.

Thoughtfully she watched Mme. Lupin set the breakfast-table. Of course, nobody had seen Adam Quilter and herself crawl along the roof of the Hotel Buonaparte and descend into the quiet street. Even the taxicab driver, hardened to the inexplicable mysteries of London after dark, had probably forgotten them.

It would be a joke which she would like to witness when Adam Quilter walked through his own swinging-glass doors as large as life that morning.

Peggy sat down at the table, with its brand-new tablecloth and Mme. Lupin's silver餐具. As she did so, Adam Quilter knocked and entered.

"The morning's greeting, Miss Firebrand!" he said, with a little sound that was like a chirp.

A frosted-apple tingue was on his cheeks. He glanced with approval at the rolls and bacon, Mme. Lupin's brother's relative from the country.

Peggy watched him steadily as he took a seat.

"You can read the paper while I make the tea," she said. "There's some startling news in the Stop Press."

(All the characters in this story are fictitious. Translation, dramatic and all other rights reserved.)

learned that it was beyond all doubt that Mr. Adam Quilter, of the well-known emporium, had perished in the fire at the Hotel Buonaparte.

He had not been heard of since his car had set him down, a little before midnight at the Hotel Buonaparte. And, to clinch the sad certainty, a cigar case bearing his monogram had been found, twisted and scorched, on the promenade balcony.

Peggy shivered at her own secret. She felt almost certain that Adam Quilter had dropped the cigar case purposefully.

She could not work. The figures buzzed in her head. All at once she felt very sick and ill. She leaned her face in her hands and uncovered it again, to find the manageress standing by her side with suspicion and ill-temper in her peaked and work-driven face.

"There's somebody called to see you," the woman said, shrewishly. "But it isn't allowed in during hours. I thought you knew that."

Peggy looked apprehensively over her shoulder. A man whom she did not know stepped curiously past the manageress. He stood before her, middle-aged, bald, and mildly debonair.

Miss Margaret Beckett?"

"Yes," said Peggy, draggingly.

"My name is Lambton, of Friar, Gurney, Lambton and Friar, solicitors to Mr. Adam Quilter—the late Mr. Adam Quilter. I have rather distressing news for you, Miss Beckett. You are named in his will as his sole heiress. My visit here is rather informal."

Mr. Lambton coughed. "But Mr. Quilter left concise instructions that, in the event of his decease, we were to find you without any delay and inform you of the provisions of his will. The police have convincing evidence our unfortunate client perished in the fire at the Hotel Buonaparte last night. No doubt your employer will spare you to accompany me to the offices of my firm in order to discuss business further."

The lawyer smiled primly, and then gave a melancholy cough. Peggy knew that she was very white. But all her faintness had gone. She saw, now, the strange purposes of Adam Quilter in a low laugh that seemed to belong to somebody else left her lips. Why had she not guessed?

"You haven't—a—a glass slipper by any chance?" she asked, unsteadily.

"Nor a gilded coach," softly replied Mr. Lambton, who had a family of five girls at Sutton. "Only a chocolate taxicab. Come along, my dear. The fairy-story will wait. Business first."

He wondered why this girl, to whom one of life's unbelievable things had happened, sat so like a cold little statue, save for her blazing blue eyes in the taxicab.

Another fine instalment on Monday.

JEFF HAS BEEN SHOPPING AT MIDNIGHT: BY BUD FISHER



AND HE SHOCKS MUTT A GOOD DEAL WITH HIS CHOICE OF A SOUVENIR TO TAKE AWAY FROM LONDON!

WEAKENED TEAMS.

Internationals Rob League Clubs of Leading Players.

CHAMPIONSHIP CHANCES.

Neither of the remaining fixtures Liverpool have to face will be more arduous than the one which confronts them this afternoon. The corresponding game last season was won by the champions by the only goal scored, and a repetition of that victory would take them a long stride nearer their present aim.

Both teams will be without several of their best players because of international calling. Last season's Cup winners have Steele, goldie, and Tandy, while the Lancashire club, England's side, while Liverpool have Longworth and Chambers in the ranks of the Sassenach, and their right winger, Lacey, is off to Ireland, though the latter has more or less offered to forget his personal grudge so that his team may not individually pre-occupy in their effort to carry off the championship for the second successive year. I anticipate in the circumstances that the game will end in a draw.

Since the Anfielders have had the last hopes of displacing the Burnley against whom they should succeed without much difficulty. Newcastle do not appear to have a very hard task at Stoke, though the Potters are bound to put up a hard fight in the hope of escaping a relegation.

JIMMY LOW ABSENT.

Jimmy Low has been declared unfit by the doctor, so for only the second time this season he will be absent from the Magpies. Aitken has been selected to deputise for him and Bob Clark partners him in the right wing. Moore also comes into the side again, so it is evident that the Tyneiders are taking the game very seriously.

Stoke's companions in the relegation shadows, Oldham Athletic, might hardly be expected to win at the Hawthorns, but West Bromwich Albion have been somewhat inconsistent.

Of the other games, the meeting between Everton and Aston Villa promises to be the most attractive. Unfortunately, the Villa boys will be without Jack Jones, who has cracked a rib, and the Villa stand a good chance of snatching a point.

Cardiff City are setting an example to other clubs by the sacrifice they are making by releasing six of their regulars for international games. Against Sheffield United, Fred Kinsella is brought back as goalkeeper, and Mason is promoted to partner Nelson in full back. Page will figure as centre half, with H. P. Evans and Hardy on his right and left. Gill will probably not play again, owing to an injury, and Jones will lead a strange attack.

BLACKBURN'S CHANCE.

Middlebrough visit Blackpool to-day. Fortunately, the home team have been showing some improvement lately, so they may win; but against Manchester City, at Hyde-road, Nottingham Forest appear to have only a poor chance.

Two of the three London senior sides are out of town, and the Wanderers, at Colchester, the Boys, and the Spurs visit Birmingham. The Wanderers will have Joe Smith and Vizard, who have been resting at Blackpool, on duty against the Pensioners, after a full week's rest.

The Spur should prevail at Birmingham if they reproduce anything like their best form. Against Sunderland last week they had a decided "end-of-the-season" feeling.

Arsenal receive Preston North End at Highbury. The Londoners have Mackie, Kennedy and Toner playing for Ireland and John for Wales, so they will be below strength, whereas Preston will rely on the side that so handsomely overcame Cardiff last week. Arsenal will do well to retain a point; it would be a capital performance if they won.

G. P. S.

RUGBY LEAGUE CUP.

Hull and Leeds Favourites for To-day's Semi-Final Matches.

The semi-finals of the Rugby League Cup are the main attraction in Yorkshire and Lancashire to-day, and are promised to be grand affairs.

The game between Hull and Wigan at Huddersfield appears to be the most interesting. Hull have a fine record in the League, but their opponents, after a brilliant run up to the end of the year, have somewhat fallen from grace. There are, however, a few teams which play very fine football, and their do-or-die and Hull will have to play at the top of their form to pull through.

The match at Runcorn, where Leeds and Barrow meet, is also of interest, though, in this case, Leeds will start decided favourites, though Barrow got over a very stiff hurdle when they beat Oldham in the previous round. The chances are that Hull and Leeds will contest the final.

RACING AND FOOTBALL PROGRAMMES.

2.0-T.Y.O. PLATE, 200 sops: 51.

2.0-SHIELD, 100 sops: 51.

2.0-BARFORD, 200 sops: 51.

2.0-GYPSY, 200 sops: 51.

2.0-BEAUTIFUL MISTRESS, 200 sops: 51.

2.0-ABOVE ARRIVED, 200 sops: 51.

2.0-MIS MACHIE, 200 sops: 51.

2.0-ROBBIE, 200 sops: 51.

2.0-BILL BUCK, 200 sops: 51.

2.0-RUBBER, 200 sops: 51.

2.0-VAN PERCY, 200 sops: 51.

2.0-COST OF ARMS, 200 sops: 51.

2.30-T.Y.O. PLATE, 250 sops: 71.

2.30-TELEPATHY, 250 sops: 71.

2.30-POISE, 250 sops: 71.

2.30-CHINESE PENNY, 250 sops: 71.

2.30-ABOVE ARRIVED, 250 sops: 71.

2.30-CHARMANS, 250 sops: 71.

2.30-MARY FRIDAY, 250 sops: 71.

2.30-EDDIE RAYGON, 250 sops: 71.

2.30-PETTY CARRY, 250 sops: 71.

2.30-FIRST HOME, 250 sops: 71.

2.30-LIGAN, 250 sops: 71.

2.30-CHOCOLATE, 250 sops: 71.

2.30-DRY FOAM, 250 sops: 71.

2.30-WATER, 250 sops: 71.

2.30-MERITIOUS, 250 sops: 71.

2.30-SCOURING, 250 sops: 71.

2.30-ABOVE ARRIVED, 250 sops: 71.

2.30-GRAND, 250 sops: 71.

2.30-FORNOVIA, 250 sops: 71.

2.30-NEWBURY SPRING, 250 sops: 71.

2.30-PONDLAND, 250 sops: 71.

2.30-GRAND, ... Ward 4 9 12.

2.30-FORNOVIA, ... J. Jarvis 4 7 7.

2.30-NEWBURY SPRING, ... D. Day 4 7 11.

2.30-CYCLEONE, ... D. Day 4 7 11.

2.30-PRECIOUS, ... O. Morris 4 7 11.

2.30-HIGH, ... Higgs 4 7 11.

2.30-BANTSY, ... Hammund 4 7 11.

2.30-SOLDIERS, ... Borchers 4 7 11.

2.30-DRAGON, ... P. Bell 4 7 11.

2.30-FANCY MAN, ... Hoog 4 7 11.

2.30-CLARION, ... Hays 4 7 11.

2.30-HARDAK, ... Coldbeck 4 7 11.

2.30-ABOVE ARRIVED, ... Rington 4 7 11.

2.30-GRAND, ... Rington 4

"DAILY MIRROR"
FASHION FAIR,
HOLLAND PARK HALL.
HOW TO GET THERE—

THE DAILY MIRROR, Saturday, April 14, 1923.

Two Pages for the Children: See Pages
11 and 12

The Daily Mirror

NET SALE MUCH THE LARGEST OF ANY DAILY PICTURE NEWSPAPER

—BUSES: Nos. 12, 12B, 17,
17B, 32, 49, 49A, 88.
CENTRAL LONDON
TUBE DIRECT FROM
LIVERPOOL STREET.
METROPOLITAN RLY.
TO UXBRIDGE ROAD.

CHARGED IN OWN COURT



Mr. George Robinson, former clerk to the Rochester magistrates, who again appeared at Rochester Police Court yesterday charged with fraudulently converting to his own use £3,910.

TWO HURT BY STOVE EXPLOSION



Ruins of a gas-stove at the house of Mrs. Bell in Geoffrey-gardens, East Ham, which exploded when an attempt was made to light it. Mrs. Bell and one of her children (inset) were injured, the mother seriously and the daughter slightly.



Mrs. Latchford, on a charge of wounding, was on the dockbankment. Florence Sullivan was yesterday committed for trial.



BOB REPIRIED.—Bob, the Airedale, belonging to Mrs. Lilian Stuart, of Jeremy-street, secured a reprieve of his sentence of death at London Sessions yesterday. But he must leave London.



THE KING'S INDIAN ORDERLIES.—The King's Indian orderly officers for this year photographed yesterday on their arrival in England. They landed at Tilbury from the P. and O. liner Morea.



THE SCALA MARIONETTES.—Some of the host of marionettes from a theatre at Rome which are used in the successful performance at the Scala Theatre. Opera and other items are given.

VETERAN GOLFER'S VICTORY



Alec Herd (left) and F. C. Jewell (right), the Middlesex champion, who were the finalists yesterday in the Roehampton tournament. Herd won by 3 and 2. J. H. Taylor is in the centre.



STAGE GOLF.—Mr. Leslie Henson, the famous comedian, driving at Oxhey yesterday when he led a team of golfers against a side representing the Adelphi Theatre, London.



FRIDAY'S BRIDE.—Miss Marjory Venner, the daring bride who defied all wedding superstitions yesterday by getting married on a Friday, which was the thirteenth of the month. At St. Martin-in-the-Fields she was wed to Mr. Dennis Hall.—(Daily Mirror.)